NUMB. LXXXIX.

The SPECTATOR.

——Petite hinc Juvenesque Senesque
Finem animo certum, miserisque viatica canis.
Cras hoc fiet. Idem cras fiet. Quid? quasi magnum
Nempe diem donas; sed cum lux altera venit,
Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus; ecce aliud cras
Egerit hos annos, & semper paulum erit ultra.
Nam quamvis prope te, quamvis temone sub uno
Vertentem sese frustra sectabere canthum. Per.

Tuesday, June 12. 1711.

AS my Correspondents, upon the Subject of Love, are very numerous, it is my Design, if possible, to range them under several Heads, and address my self to them at different Times. The first Branch of them, to whose Service I shall Dedicate this Paper, are those that have to do with Women of Dilatory Tempers, who are for spinning out the Time of Courtship to an imprudente Length without being able either to close with their Lovers, or to dismiss them. I have many Letters by me filled with Complaints against this sort of Women. In one of them no less a Man than a Brother of the Coif tells me, that he began his Suit *Vicesimo nono Caroli secundi*, before he had been a Twelve-month at the *Temple*; that he prosecuted it for many Years after he was called to the Bar; that at present he is a Serjeant at Law; and notwithstanding he hoped that Matters would have been long since brought to an issue, the Fair One still *Demurrs*. I am so well pleased with this Gentleman's Phrase, that I shall distinguish this Sect of Women by the Title of *Demurrers*. I find by another Letter from one who calls himself *Thirsis*, that his Mistress has been Demurring above these seven Years. But among all my Plaintiffs of this nature, I most pity the unfortunate *Philander*, a Man of a constant Passion and plentiful Fortune, who sets forth that the timorous and irresolute *Sylvia* has demurred till she is past Childbearing. *Strephon* appears by his Letter to be a very Cholerick Lover, and irrevocably smitten with one that demurrs out of Self-interest. He tells me, with great Passion, that she has bubbled him out of his Youth; that she has drilled him on to Five and Fifty, and that he verily believes she will drop him in his old Age, if she can find her account in another. I shall conclude this Narrative with a Letter from Honest SAM. HOPEWELL, a very pleasant Fellow, who it seems has, at last, married a *Demurrer*. I must only premise, that SAM. who is a very good Bottle-Companion, has been the Diversion of his Friends, upon account of his Passion, ever since the Year One thousand Six hundred and Eighty one.

Dear Sir,

'YOU know very well my Passion for Mrs. *Martha*, and what a Dance she has led me: She took me out at the Age of Two and Twenty, and dodged with me above Thirty Years. I have loved her till she is grown as Grey as a Cat, and am with much ado become the Master of her Person, such as it is at present. She is however, in my Eye, a very charming old Woman. We often lament that we did not marry sooner, but she has no Body to blame for it but her self. You know very well that she would never think of me whilst she had a Tooth in her Head. I have put the Date of my Passion (*Anno Amoris Trigesimo primo*) instead of a Posie on my Wedding Ring. I expect you should send me a Congratulatory Letter; or, if you please, an *Epithalamium* upon this occasion.

Mrs. Martha's *and*

Yours Eternally,

SAM. HOPEWELL.

In order to banish an Evil out of the World, that does not only produce great Uneasiness to private Persons, but has also a very bad Influence on the Publick, I shall endeavour to show the Folly of *Demurrage*, from two or three Reflections, which I earnestly recommend to the Thoughts of my Fair Readers.

First of all I would have them seriously think on the Shortness of their Time. Life is not long enough for a Coquet to play all her Tricks in. A timorous Woman drops into her Grave before she has done deliberating. Were the Age of Man the same that it was before the Flood, a Lady might sacrifice half a Century to a Scruple, and be two or three Ages in demurring. Had she Nine Hundred Years good, she might hold out to the Conversion of the *Jews*, before she thought fit to be prevailed upon. But, alas! she ought to play her Part in haste, when she considers that

she

ſhe is ſuddenly to quit the Stage, and make room for others.

In the ſecond Place, I would deſire my Female Readers to conſider, that as the Term of Life is ſhort, that of Beauty is much ſhorter. The fineſt Skin wrinkles in a few Years, and loſes the Strength of its Colouring ſo ſoon, that we have ſcarce time to admire it. I might embelliſh this Subject with Roſes and Rain-bows, and ſeveral other ingenious Conceits, which I may poſſibly reſerve for another Opportunity.

There is a third Conſideration, which I would likewiſe recommend to a Demurrer, and that is the great Danger of her falling in Love when ſhe is about Threeſcore, if ſhe cannot ſatisfie her Doubts and Scruples before that time. There is a kind of *latter Spring*, that ſometimes gets into the Blood of an old Woman, and turns her into a very odd ſort of an Animal. I would therefore have the Demurrer conſider what a ſtrange Figure ſhe will make, if ſhe chances to get over all Difficulties, and comes to a final Reſolution in that unſeaſonable part of her Life.

I would not however be underſtood, by any thing I have here ſaid, to diſcourage that natural Modeſty in the Sex, which renders a Retreat from the firſt Approaches of a Lover both faſhionable and graceful: All that I intend is to adviſe them, when they are prompted by Reaſon and Inclination, to demurr only out of Form, and ſo far as Decency requires. A Virtuous Woman ſhould reject the firſt Offer of Marriage, as a good Man does that of a Biſhoprick; but I would adviſe neither the one nor the other to perſiſt in refuſing what they ſecretly approve. I would, in this Particular, propoſe the Example of *Eve* to all her Daughters, as *Milton* has repreſented her in the following Paſſage, which I cannot forbear tranſcribing entire, tho' only the twelve laſt Lines are to my preſent Purpoſe.

The Rib he form'd and faſhion'd with his hands:
Under his forming hands a Creature grew,
Manlike, but diff'rent Sex, ſo lovely fair,
That what ſeem'd fair in all the World, ſeem'd now
Mean, or in her ſumm'd up, in her contain'd
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
Sweetneſs into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her Air inſpir'd
The ſpirit of love and amorous delight.
She diſappear'd, and left me dark, I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore,
Her Loſs, and other pleaſures to abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I ſaw her in my Dream, adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heaven could beſtow
To make her amiable: On ſhe came,
Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unſeen,
And guided by his Voice, nor uninform'd
Of nuptial Sanctity and marriage Rites:
Grace was in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
In every Geſture dignity and love.
I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.
This turn hath made amends; thou haſt fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but faireſt this
Of all thy gifts, nor envieſt. I now ſee
Bone of my Bone, Fleſh of my Fleſh, my Self .....
She heard me thus, and tho' divinely brought,
Yet Innocence and Virgin Modeſty,
Her virtue and the conſcience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unſought be won,
Not obvious, not obtruſive, but retir'd,
The more deſirable, or to ſay all,
Nature her ſelf, though pure of ſinful thought,
Wrought in her ſo, that ſeeing me, ſhe fled;
I follow'd her, ſhe what was Honour knew,
And with obſequious Majeſty approv'd
My pleaded reaſon. To the Nuptial Bowr
I led her bluſhing like the Morn: ———

ADVERTISEMENTS.

At the Deſire of ſeveral Ladies of Quality.
For the Benefit of Mr. Caſtleman.
By Her Majeſty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane, this preſent Tueſday, the 12th of June, will be preſented a Comedy, call'd Rule a Wife, and have a Wife. Written by Beaumont and Fletcher. The Part of Leon by Mr. Powell, the Copper Captain Mr. Wilks, Eſtafania Ms. Oldfield, Duke Mr. Husband, Don Juan Mr. Thurmond, Cacafogo Mr. Bullock, Margaretta Mrs. Knight, Altea Mrs. Bicknell. Old Woman Mr. Norris. To which will be added a Farce call'd, The Walking Statue: Or, The Devil in the Wine-Celler, being the laſt time of Acting this Seaſon.

This Play is ſold by Jacob Tonſon at Shakeſpear's Head over-against Catherine ſtreet in the Strand.

This Day is Publiſh'd,

The Hiſtory of King James's Eccleſiaſtical Commiſſion: Containing all the Proceedings againſt the Lord Biſhop of London; Dr. Sharp, now Archbiſhop of York; Magdalen College in Oxford; The Univerſity of Cambridge; The Charter-Houſe at London; and The ſeven Biſhops: With a ſhort Account of the Lives and Characters of the Commiſſioners: Interſperſ'd with ſeveral curious Lifts and Memoirs, never before Printed. To which are added, An Epitaph deſign'd for an Eccleſiaſtical Commiſſioner: A Speech to the King of Poland; and a Vindication of a true Patriot. Printed for T. Harriſon at the Royal Exchange, and S. Popping in Pater-noſter-Row.

Juſt Publiſh'd,

Eleven Opinions about Mr. H ——y, with Obſervations Clearing ſome Matters, price 1 s. An Enquiry into the Danger of the Church from the Reſtleſs of the Clergy, price 6 d. The Conference, or Grigg's Ghoſt, price 6 d. The Letter to Sir J. B. Examin'd, price 6 d. All Sold by J. Baker in Pater-Noſter-Row.

The Silk Gowns formerly Sold in Exchange-Alley, are removed to the Sign of the Hood and Scerf directly over against Will's Coffee-houſe in Cornhill, where any Gentleman or Lady may be furniſhed with any Size or Price: There being all Sorts of Silks from Rich Brocades of Six Guineas a Gown, to Thread Sattins of Thirty ſeven Shillings, and with the leaſt Trouble may be ſatisfied that they are the beſt ſuited with Linings, and the cheapeſt to be had in Town, the Price being writ in Words at length on each Gown. Note, There are above 50 freſh Gowns that are to be ſeen this preſent Tueſday, and ſeveral of them Japan'd Sattins.

To be ſold by Auction, (Eighty ſix right Dutch Tables and Tea Tables, finely painted, (a ſingle Table in each Lot) brought over from Amſterdam in Holland; On Thurſday the 14th of June, 1711, at 10 of the Clock in the Forenoon preciſely, at the Houſe next door to the Horn Tavern in Fleetſtreet, London; where the aboveſaid Tables are to be ſeen, and Catalogues delivered, till the time of Sale.

Juſt Publiſh'd,

A very Neat and Correct Edition of the Works of Mr. Francis Beaumont and Mr. John Fletcher. In Seven Vols. 8vo. Adorn'd with Cuts. With ſome Account of the Life and Writings of the Authors. Printed for J. Tonſon, at Shakeſpear's Head over againſt Catherine ſtreet in the Strand.

This Chryſtal Coſmetick approv'd of by the worthy Dr. Paul Chamberline, (viz.) By waſhing Morning or Evening, cures all red Faces proceeding from what Cauſe ſoever, it takes off all Morphews, Pimples and Freckles; it's of a ſoft Nature, cleanſing and adorning the Face and Hands of both Sexes in a very Beautiful Manner, and may be uſed with as much ſafety as Milk, having in it no Mercury (ſo frequently made uſe of) or any other thing that may be prejudicial to the Body, being the beſt of this Nature now extant. Price of the larger Bottle ſix Shillings, the leſſer three Shillings. Sold at Mr. Allcrofts over againſt the Royal Exchange, Cornhill, Mr. Jackſon's the Corner of Wood-Street, Cheapſide; formerly ſold at the Comb, but now removed to the Seven Stars under St. Dunſtans Church, Fleet-Street; Mr. Brocknocks at the upper end of St. James's Street Piccadilie. Note, to prevent counterfeits, each ſingle Bottle with Directions is tied and ſealed with this Coat of Arms, being a Fret with a Lion Rampant on a Canton.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in; as alſo by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.